

## NORTH TOPEKA.

*Items of Interest from the North Side of the River.*

Mrs. Louisa Ansel of Silver Lake, is visiting her son, J. E. Ansel.

Rev. Mr. Henderson of Osage City, is the guest of A. O. Kirchhoff.

Oliver P. Morton Willey is here from Denver to visit his sick mother.

Corwin Platt has gone to Kansas City to visit his cousin, Fred Custer.

Mrs. Will Summers of Abilene visited the family of M. L. Potter yesterday on her way to St. Joe.

Robert Smith, who is serving the second time as postmaster at Morristown, was in the city yesterday on a short visit.

A. Washburn, of the Union Pacific railroad, is in the city superintending the repairs being made on the company's hotel property.

Patrons of the Quincy school complain that mumps is prevalent in the school, and one of the teachers is accused of continuing to discharge her duties while suffering from the disease.

Rev. J. Barratt at 2 o'clock yesterday was called to the residence of S. B. Cope, 821 East Gordon street, to pronounce the ceremony which united in marriage Oscar Huffman and Dora Callier, both of Meriden. The young couple returned on the afternoon train to the latter place, where they will make their home.

There was a large attendance at the Kansas Avenue Methodist church last night to hear Bishop Vincent's lecture. As a result, there was a cash profit of \$100 and the members are happy today over the fact that the church is out of debt and there is money in the treasury. The lecture is highly complimented by those who heard it.

A complete line of homoeopathic remedies at A. J. Arnold's &amp; Son.

We have a fine lot of fresh catfish to day.

GOODMAN BROS.

We still the most "skeptical" in wall paper, all new styles. Wesson &amp; Cromwell.

John Fieger's dancing class meets every Tuesday night at Linkens' opera house.

Fresh oysters and lettuce today.

GOODMAN BROS.

I am expert at making faces and offer ten styles of cabinet 16x25 photos at half price—one dollar per dozen and up. Come and see. Attridge, 1015 North Kansas avenue.

J. H. Poncet will sell you a first-class road wagon and harness for \$15.

Take your prescriptions to A. J. Arnold &amp; Son, 821 Kansas ave. Established 1879. We are still making our own bread.

GOODMAN BROS.

Leave orders for bakery goods at St. Louis bakery, 1008 Kansas avenue.

Go to Henry's for all kinds of pump repairs, 820 Kansas avenue.

Cheese refined lard at 10¢ per pound; leaf lard, warranted strictly pure, at 12½¢ per lb., at Ed Blasius' meat market.

10 pounds white lard for \$1.50.

THOMPSON Bros.

A. Y. Bolles, who resides at the corner of Laurent and Harrison streets, always had an amateur's possess of high grade gallery art. But recently he had purchased himself a lot of tools which were the pride of his shop and the joy of his master. It was his delight to look after them and give his favorite content. They were carefully housed every night and the door of their chamber was securely locked. Sunday morning when Mr. Bolles went out to feed his birds he was surprised to find the lock on the hen house broken. He entered, but to find the place deserted. There was not a chicken left. Some tracks were found and followed as far as the Rock Island track. Further than this he knows nothing about its issue.

## WAITE ON A HIGH HORSE.

He is in a Quarrel With the Police  
shoved in Deaver.

OBERLIN, Ga., March 6.—Gov. Waite is after the board of fire and police commissioners, and will dismiss Commissioners Orr, (Pop.) and Martin, (Dem.).

These gentlemen refuse to step out and the governor says he will force them to do so. But a difficulty confronts him in the fact that the municipal officials decline to recognize the new board, or to advance them money.

A. J. Rogers (Pop.) of New Jersey, one of the present commissioners, is slated for chairman of the new board, and his scheme contemplates wholesale discharges in the police and fire departments.

## CALIFORNIA R. R. WAR.

## Santa Fe Route.

Look Out for Something to Drop.

The Santa Fe offers its patrons stop over privileges, on the present low rates, at all points on its line in California, and the privilege of returning by way of Utah and Colorado if desired. Our rates today is \$28 one way, and \$35.50 round trip to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, etc. Our tickets are all strictly first-class, our route is more than 400 miles the shortest to southern California, and we have through service every day to all the principal points in the state, without change of cars.

GOODMAN BROS.,  
S. E. Cor. Sixth and Kas. Ave.Juryman Set on a Verdict.  
MANSON, Wis., March 6.—After a second jury in the Rader case was sequestered it was learned that one of the jurors had made a bet as to the outcome of the trial. This will necessitate a third jury to try the case.

## TOOK A WHITE POWDER.

Mrs. John D. Kelly Seeks to End All Her Troubles.

Lying in her bed, pale and almost dead, at her home at 304 East Fourth street, is Mrs. J. D. Kelly, who tried to commit suicide last night.

She was the wife of J. D. Kelly, the banker, and she and her husband were but recently married. Last night she took a teaspoonful of a white powder, but it was not known what it was, although it was supposed to be poison.

Mrs. Kelly keeps a restaurant at 504 East Fourth street, and endeavors, to make a living. A banker by the name of Folger who has the restaurant just opposite when Mrs. Kelly took the dose. He said: "Mrs. Kelly is that quaking you are talking about?"

"It's just what I say. Miss Matilda Snowball says if I only gets one year in de penitentiary shell wait for me, but if I gets much less she is gwine ter marry de very first nigra what comes along. So you sees, boss, what a 'spansibility dat am resum on you."—Texas Siftings.

## Heavy Responsibility.

"Have you got any family?" asked Mac Anderson, a San Antonio lawyer, of a colored man whom he was appointed by the court to defend, the latter being charged with having stolen a horse.

"I got no family yet. I looks to you for dat."

"Look to me to supply you with a family," exclaimed the astounded advocate.

"I know, to you as de jury, boss, I don't care."

"What kind of stuff is that you are talking about?"

"It's just what I say. Miss Matilda Snowball says if I only gets one year in de penitentiary shell wait for me, but if I gets much less she is gwine ter marry de very first nigra what comes along. So you sees, boss, what a 'spansibility dat am resum on you."—Texas Siftings.

## Out of Sight, Out of Mind.

Boothblack—Shine, sah?  
Mr. Brodwith—Well, really, my man, I don't know—Truth.

## He Preferred an Upper Berth.

"Why do I prefer an upper berth to a lower in a sleeping car?" repeated the drummer as he counted out and swallowed six pellets without explaining whether they were for his liver or lungs.

"Yes, why?" queried the man who was telephoning himself on having secured lower No. 7.

"Well, there are various reasons. When I first began to travel, 15 years ago, the wheel of a car on a train passing us flew off and killed a man in lower No. 6. The chap over him never got a scratch. Later on a fellow threw a rock at the car, and it entered the window of lower No. 4 and broke the sleeper's thigh. Man over him never even woke up. Again, when I was on ran over a lot of dynamite. Man in lower No. 7 was blown up with the floor and killed, but the one over him didn't even know that anything had happened. Once more, a man in a lower berth can easily be robbed, while one in an upper is seldom troubled. Last, but not least—"

"What?" was asked as he paused.

"I always address names as at a hotel. There's no telling when an accident may come, and if the car goes off, a man in a berth is up to close grips, and you are thus square from the gaze of the vulgar public until the porter can put in a tent alongside the track and get your clothes there and help you to dress. Modesty is my chief reason, but let all you fellows break your necks to get lower berths, of course I can't expect you to understand or appreciate it."—Detroit Free Press.

## A Suggestion For an Advertisement.

They met.  
They loved.

A friend present interposed.

"Fly with me," cries Alphonse. "A train is at the station."

"Alas!" weeps Evelina, "my clothes!"

"Gloves?" inquires Alphonse, a smile of joy flitting over his pallid countenance.

At Stowayant, N.Y., lady's outfitters, 923 Broadway, New York, may be obtained everything included in a lady's wardrobe, at prices one-third less than any other place. Let us have, love?

And they hasten.—Brooklyn Life.

## Had to Say Something.

First Amateur—You spoiled the whole play, Maria.

Second Amateur—How? I thought I got on famously.

First Amateur—But, my dear Maria, what on earth induced you to speak in the third act? The best lines I had too.

Second Amateur—My dear Jack, I'd forgotten my own. I had to say something.—London Advertiser.

## Never In Trade.

Elder Sister (1864)—Horror! Don't invite those Upton girls. Their great-grandfather made his money in trade.

Younger Sister— Didn't care.

Elder Sister—Merry, no. Our great-grandfather was a highly respected city official. He held an office for 10 years at \$5,000 a year and then died worth \$5,000,000.

The consul at Mazatlan, Col., reports that you now have the entire wheat and flour trade there, and any increase must come from the demand of the working classes, who at present use little flour.

In the year of our Lord 1893, the population of men makes the search after a husband exceedingly interesting.—Boston Transcript.

## Interesting.

Western Maid—They tell me there are ever so many more women than men in Massachusetts. The chances for getting a husband in your state must be rather slim.

Bay State Girl—Yes, but then the paucity of men makes the search after a husband exceedingly interesting.—Boston Transcript.

## Her Physical Defect.

The mermaid looked with unutterable scorn.

"Marry you?" she shrieked. "Never!"

She pressed her hand to her brow.

"Oh, to be human for an instant," she muttered deviously, "that I might turn upon my heel!"—Puck.

## Told the Truth.

Tom—Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her her age?

Jack—Yes.

Tom—What did she say?

Jack—She said it was none of my business.—Yankee Blade.

## Out of It.

N. Ostrum—Say, old man, my fortune's made. I've invented a panacea. Cures everything and is delicious to take.

K. Harper—Delicious to take, eh? Then it will never become a general family medicine.—Puck.

## Curiosity.

The curious boys investigate.

The danger signal where they play.

And having read the sign they go.

To see how far the ice below.

The signboard post don't penetrate.

—Detroit Tribune.

## Feathers For Women.

All kinds of composite feather decorations, perfect for the purposes to which they are applied, are now used for hats and bonnets, and a naturalist in the milliner's shop finds himself confronted with a hundred varieties of plummage never seen in nature, but excellent in art, for which it would puzzle any one but the plummister or the taxidermist to find a name. The era of stuffed birds and natural wings adorning headresses is almost over.

Not long ago, for instance, terms were a favorite ornament. The whole bird was used. Large hats were fashionable, and two or three of the "sea swallows" were grouped on a single head. Speaking of these birds, a milliner said with regret, "They used to be only 2 pence, now they are 3 shillings each." That was in the second year after they were worn. At the same time and in the same shop a wide brimmed hat was decorated with 15 pairs of chaffinch's wings. These were left the natural color, but others were decorated with rose colored starlings, or grass parakeets dyed black, and in one was a jay, with all its beautiful plumage stained a greenish yellow.

To put creatures of such exquisite natural tints, but with no particular beauty of form, to such a use was to invite the charge of bad feeling, both for art and humanity. Now the milliners have discovered a substitute with which no lover of birds need quarrel, and which reflects no little credit on their craft. Poultry feathers, in some cases of natural colors, but more often dyed to tints suited to the material with which they are worn, are made up into pictures, wings, cornucopias and pompons with a grace and variety of outline which harmonize with the modeling of the human head far better than the natural bird forms.—London Spectator.

Philip D. Armour's Simple Life.  
For a man of many millions Mr. Armour's life is an amazingly simple one. He has a good sized house in Prairie avenue, but there are many in it. Chicago worth, say, \$150,000, who live with more ostentation than he. He belongs to several clubs, but he rarely goes to any of them. He is very fond of his home, and he has the faculty, when there, of dropping everything that pertains to business. He sheds care as a duck's back sheds water. All his tastes are of the simplest sort.

He is not a teetotaler, but he scarcely ever touches wine and never touches spirits. He is not a bookish man, and his reading is chiefly confined to newspapers and periodicals. But his books are living men; his favorite study, character. And I take it that no man in the United States can read character more shrewdly and clearly than he. Nowadays he leaves his office at 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon and goes for a drive. He loves to handle the reins over a spanking team of nervy horses. Such exercise draws the blood from the brain, sets the muscles tingling and stirs to healthy action the physique of a man who spends the greater portion of his day within doors.

He usually drives first to the institute, and after chatting a little with Dr. Gunnison and looking in at some of the classrooms to see if anything is wanted he has spin along the Lake Shore drive, and then perhaps calls in at the homes of his sons, Ogden and Philip, Jr. He always spends his evenings in his own house, with his sweet and gracious wife, to whose influence he ascribes the origin of much of the work which other men call noble, but which he sometimes calls "play" and sometimes "exercise for the mind."—McClure's Magazine.

Complexion Preserved  
DR. HEBA'S  
VIOLA CREAM

Romance, Freckles, Flaxen, Liver, Mottled, Blackened and Tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, preventing wrinkles, and removing the marks of age. Superior to face preparations and perfectly harmless. At all druggists, or mailed for \$1.00. Send for Circular.

VIOLA SKIN SOAP is simple, transparent as a pane of glass, scented for the skin, and retains its softness and elasticity.

As a soap, \$1.00. As a lotion, 25 cents.

G. C. BITTNER &amp; CO., TOLEDO, O.

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Try one of our 5 centCIGARS  
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We make a specialty on these  
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SAPOLIO

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